

I heard a cry coming along the working. It drew nearer, and nearer, and presently I could make out the poor boy's voice, as he cried to me, "O, Richard, my father's dead." He led me to where he had left his father. He laid hold of my hand, and guided me along, and I shall never forget the poor child's agonizing cry, which he constantly repeated, and which echoed in the dark pit as we went along. "My father's dead! what will my poor mother do now? my father's dead! my father's dead!" When I reached the place I found the poor fellow was lying on his face. Upon his back was a great lump of coal, which had fallen out of the roof upon him, and crushed him to the earth. I tried to heave it off from him, but could not stir it. It took four men afterwards to remove it, and get him from beneath it. There was no one at hand to assist me but the little boy, who could cry and wring his hands in the agony of his grief. I seized my pick, and endeavoured to break the lump upon the poor fellow's back, as the only chance of releasing him. Just then he heaved a sigh, and I could hear he was still alive. Presently he spoke, and said, "O, Richard, tell my poor wife I am dying here. Tell her to train up my children in the way to heaven—tell my wife to tell my children, when they have laid me in the grave, that their father is dead and damned!" My friends what a dreadful thought! Here he was denying God, and as he lay at hell's dark door, his last words were, "Tell my wife I am dead and damned." Who can tell the throbbing of that poor wife's heart, as her little boy runs home, and clinging round her, he cries, "Mother, father's dead!" When the body was taken home, one little boy whispers to his almost broken-hearted mother, "Is father asleep?" And she has to say to him, "My little lamb, your father is dead." I can never forget the scene at the funeral. The poor woman sat at the head of the corpse, while round her were grouped the orphan children, and the friends who had come to pay a last visit to the man whom they had known as a neighbour, or loved as a friend. There were, too, his old grey-headed father and mother. I was there taking my last look at him; and, as I looked upon his black cheeks, as he lay in his coffin, I said aloud, "Poor fellow! he is gone to his reward." The widow looked at me with